

THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

BESSIE and Bertha live on a large farm in the country. Just back of their home is a little hill, and from it there is a pretty view of the sea. To this hill the two girls often come, for here they can watch vessels sailing to and fro, and feel the cool breezes, and have a good time playing with their dolls and other playthings. Sometimes, when the weather is fine and the ground dry, they take baby with them. She does not care to watch the vessels, they are so far away, but she loves to look at the sheep and pick flowers. Do you not see that she has found a flower at her feet and is showing it to Bessie?

We wish that all our young readers had near to their homes a pleasant and quiet place like this to which they could often go. There is nothing better for children than the pure air and green fields of the country.

For The Dayspring.

EVA AND HER SCHOOLMATES.

BY A. E. A.

VA! Eva Denham! Can't you stop one instant? What does make you walk so fast? Why were you not at school yesterday? Were you sick? Have you seen any of the girls? Have you heard about the prize?"

The child to whom this torrent of questions was addressed waited for the speaker to join her, and answered briefly, "I could n't go to school yesterday, Nannie, for Helen is away, and mother was not well. What is it about a prize?"

"Oh, Miss Thornton told us we had done very well in our map-drawing, and had improved considerably this term; and now she wishes each of our class to

draw a map of North America, and the one who does best is to have a prize. She will give the directions, and supply us with the materials to-day. I hope you'll get it, Eva."

"Why not yourself, Nannie? Miss Thornton says you have the most correct eye of any of the class, and you always do best at outlines on the board."

"Oh, I haven't patience enough," answered Nannie Cooper, laughing. "I hate to bother with what Miss Thornton calls the details. But Milly Parker—hateful thing!—said you never would get it, you were so careless, and now I want you should, if it is only to vex her."

Eva drew a long breath. "I know I am apt to be careless, Nannie: mother says it is because I am too much in haste to have a thing finished. But I wish I could like Milly Parker better; when I read 'Love your enemies,' and such verses in the Bible, I always think of her, and I don't know that she is my enemy, after all. Only she says such vexing things."

"She is just horrid!" asserted Nannie. "But she can't vex me, and if she tries to bother me or my friends, she finds her match."

This was quite true; Nannie's careless good-humor was proof against all school vexations, and the sharp arrows of her tongue, unnecessary for her own defence, were at the service of any of her friends. Eva Denham was far more sensitive; and a reproof or an unkind speech which Nannie would have met with a merry laugh, made her heart swell and her eyes fill with tears. But the little girls had reached the school-room by this time, and were soon busy with their lessons. After the recitations were over, Miss Thornton spoke again about the maps, giving all needful directions, and concluded by saying, "I know I am setting rather a hard task to so young a class; but you have had considerable practice this term, and I think you can do it, if you exercise care and patience. Nannie, don't delay till the last few days and then do the work in a hurry; and Cora, be careful to set the names of places where they belong, instead of scattering them anywhere. Do your best, all of you."

When they were dismissed, the subject was again taken up. "I don't care for the prize; I should n't get it if I tried ever so hard," said Cora Fletcher, "but I do mean to try and make a good map."

"And print Baffin's Bay where Campeachy should be, and put Alaska in California," said Milly Parker. "Not much chance for you, Cora; and as to Eva Denham, she'll be sure to make some careless blunder."

Eva's cheek flushed, and she looked up as if to speak; but the ever ready Nannie interposed. "I'll tell you what Cora and Eva *don't* do, Miss Millicent: they don't find fault with their classmates, and they don't spell honor with two 'n's,' and Tennessee with one 's.'"

This was a hard hit, for Millicent's spelling was her weak point. The listeners laughed, and Milly said sneeringly, "Miss Cooper means to have the prize."

"I should n't wonder if I did," answered Nannie coolly, "just for the pleasure of cutting *you* out. But I shall not cheat about it."

"Come home, Nannie," whispered Eva. "Don't say any more; it only makes her angry."

The mischief sparkling in Nannie's eyes seemed to say that was what she meant to do, but she complied with Eva's wish, and went home with her, as she had a request to make. She waited till Eva had told her mother about the maps, and then burst forth: "And Mrs. Denham, can't Eva come over to my house and draw the outlines, and meridians, and things? We have n't any little boys or babies to bother us; I'm the youngest myself, thank goodness! And I shall work all the better if Eva is there. Do let her come."

Mrs. Denham smiled. "Who was it, Nannie, that I heard wishing, a few days ago, that she had a little sister, just like Tiny here? Eva may go this afternoon and perhaps to-morrow; but Helen is away, you know, and I cannot spare Eva much till she returns. And Nannie, I would n't use such expressions as 'Thank goodness!' it is not proper."

"Well, I did n't mean to say it; mother tells me not, but I forgot. Come just as soon as you've had your dinner, Eva, and we'll have the library all to ourselves."

Two weeks had been allowed for the preparation of the maps, and before that time several had completed their task; among them Nannie Cooper, who had been kept at her work by the frequent reminding of mother and sisters, and perhaps by her own desire to rival Milly Parker; and Nannie's map was really very well done. Eva, who had less leisure time, had not progressed so fast, but she had been very neat and careful, and had so far met with none of the accidents which sometimes spoiled her pleasures. Her sister had returned home, and relieved her of the care of the little ones, and Eva began to hope that she had some chance of winning the prize; while Nannie, who watched every step of her progress, and was sincerely glad to see that her friend's map bade fair to surpass her own, prophesied Eva's success.

"I do not care to have you win the prize, Eva," Mrs. Denham had said; "but the trying for it will help to make you careful and correct, and it will show your teacher that you are willing to exert yourself. So you will gain something that is valuable."

On the appointed morning, the members of "the second class" were early at the school-room; some with completed maps, others putting the finishing touches to theirs. Eva was among the latter; she had but a few letters to print,—some large capitals,—and was busily at work when Milly Parker entered.

"Yours done, Milly?" asked some one eagerly.

"Yes, come and see it." And Milly displayed, with pardonable pride, her neatly finished map.

"Yours is a great deal better than mine," said Cora Fletcher, "or than any of them, except Nannie's and Eva's."

"Very well done for a little girl like you, Milly," remarked the mischievous Nannie, who was six months younger and half a head shorter than her classmate, "especially if you did it all yourself."

"But don't you think it is really nice, Nannie?" asked another, thus stopping a sharp answer from Milly.

"Yes, did n't I say so? It is better than mine," replied Nannie frankly. "Oh!" she checked herself, but her quick eye had detected a slight mistake, which Milly had hoped would not be observed. "I think Eva's is better still," she added, turning back to her friend's desk. Eva had nearly completed her work. Fair and clear, not a blot or scratch or stain marked it, and she had a right to feel satisfied with her performance, for she had done her very best. Nannie stood silently watching, and motioning to the girls not to come too near the desk. As Eva finished the last "A," she looked up with a smile.

A few now came nearer to look, among them Milly and a little cousin. "Don't come here, Julia," cried Nannie hastily, noticing that the child held in her hand an open inkstand, too full for safety. Too late! some one jostled her, and the ink splattered over the desk, a few large drops falling on the just-completed map. There was a general exclamation of pity and sympathy. Nannie glanced round, and saw a gleam of triumph in Milly's eyes, as she walked away. Seizing the frightened and crying Julia by the arm, she drew her aside.

"How did you come by the ink, Julia?" she asked. "Don't you know it is against the rules for you to touch the bottle?"

"I did n't touch it, Nannie," sobbed the child. "Mary Snow filled the inkstand for me, and I meant to be careful. I would n't have spoiled Eva's pretty map for anything, and I'll tell Miss Thornton about it the very minute she comes. It was not my fault, Nannie; some one shook my arm."

"Some one, — who was it, Julia?"

"I don't really know. Milly, I think; she was nearest to me. There's Miss Thornton; let me go, Nannie." And the child ran to tell her story.

Nannie walked directly to Milly's desk. "I knew you were jealous of Eva, Millicent Parker," she said, "but I did *not* think you would do so mean a thing."

"So mean a thing as what?" demanded Milly angrily.

"Shaking little Julia's arm, to make her spill the ink," answered Nannie deliberately, fixing her black eyes on her schoolmate's face.

"I did n't make her spill it," stammered Milly, quailing, in spite of herself, before Nannie's indignant look.

"Very well! I shall tell Eva, and you know you will not dare to deny it, if Miss Thornton asks you." She went back to Eva, who, with the assistance of one of the older girls, was attempting to repair the injury. Clara Torrey's skilful hand had removed the ink, but

the traces remained; and Eva sighed as she relinquished her hope of the prize.

"At any rate, it was not my fault," she said. "Thank you, Clara. We can't help accidents."

"It was not an accident," said Nannie, as Clara left them. "Milly did it on purpose. I'd let Miss Thornton know, if I were you."

"O Nannie! She would n't! Did you see her do it?"

"No, but she was nearest to Julia, and I saw how delighted she was. I told her she did it, and she tried to deny it, but — there's the bell;" and Nannie slipped into her seat.

The maps were called for and brought to the teacher's desk, Eva saying simply, as she pointed out the spots, "It was not my fault." After the school exercises were finished, and the others dismissed, Miss Thornton called the class to her desk, and commended them for the care and patience which they had shown. "Some are much better than others," she said. "Nannie's is very neat, and the drawing remarkably correct, but her printing is not so good as Eva's or Milly's. I should have hardly known how to decide between those two, but for the accident which happened to Eva's map."

"But Miss Thornton," cried out the impetuous Nannie, "as some one else injured Eva's map," a very significant look at Milly accompanied the words, "she ought not to lose the prize."

"The map that looked best when it came into my hands was to have the prize, Nannie. Millicent, this globe is yours."

Milly hesitated, for Nannie's eyes looked dangerously bright, and her lips were open to speak, when Eva drew her away.

"Don't, Nannie; we don't *know* that she meant to do it, and even if she did, I'd rather not tell. Let us go home."

Nannie yielded reluctantly, saying to Milly, as she passed her desk, "I should think you'd be ashamed to look at Eva. You may be exposed yet, Miss Millicent."

Mrs. Denham listened quietly to Nannie's indignant recital. "Are you *sure*, Nannie?"

"Certain sure; and so would you be, if you had seen her face."

"And what does Eva think?"

"I am afraid Nannie is right, mamma, and I was very much vexed at first; but I could not want Miss Thornton to be told. If Milly really did it, she can't feel happy, and I am sorry for her now."

"Forbearing one another and forgiving one another," quoted Nannie. "That is what the sermon was about last Sunday. I don't know but I could forgive Milly, if I could have her punished; but if forbearing means letting her alone, I just can't and won't."

Mrs. Denham smiled at Nannie's peculiar style of forgiveness, and drawing her little daughter close to her

she said, "Don't you think, Nannie, that Eva has the best of it? If Milly took the prize unfairly, she has paid a very high price for it, and Eva has shown that she can not only conquer the carelessness that has been her chief fault, but she has won a greater victory over herself, by forgiving the one who injured her. Isn't that better than any prize?"

"Perhaps," assented Nannie. "But she ought to have had the prize. Good-by."

But Eva herself, as she received her mother's warm kiss, and saw the look of approbation in her mother's eyes, felt far happier without the prize than Milly did with it; for her conscience was clear, and she had no unkind feeling in her heart toward her classmate, who, if she was really guilty, must have been uncomfortable enough.

(To be continued.)

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

W.

THE Beetles, 't is known, are a numerous tribe;
 Their various kinds I've no time to describe;
 But one in particular 't is my intention,
 For sundry good reasons, at this time to mention.
 The WHIRLIGIG BEETLE's a musical name,
 And the insect himself plays a singular game.
 This creature, they say, is exceedingly fond
 Of spinning about on the top of a pond.
 And why does he so? Is it only in fun,
 As often by reckless young children is done,
 Who turn round and round on the floor like a top,
 Until they grow quite dizzy-headed, and drop?
 Not so, — but an instinct has taught him the way
 He can most successfully capture his prey.
 This insect, at pleasure, can stay on the top
 Of the water, or down to the bottom can drop.
 With eyes he is amply provided, — one row
 Above the antennæ, the other below;
 With those he can peer through the air, and with these
 Whatever is under the water he sees.
 He can skate, he can swim, he can fly, he can float;
 When he dives, he has no need to take off his coat.
 When anything scares him, he slips down beneath,
 With a bag-full of air, under water to breathe.
 Sometimes he is known, in a warm summer-night,
 To fly into houses, allured by the light
 But this is not common, — his general rule
 Is to skim o'er the top of a pond or a pool;
 And there all at once, in a singular way,
 They go through their gymnastics, their work, and their play.

Young readers may, haply, be led by this rhyme
 To watch for the Whirligig Beetle some time.

C. T. B.

"JOHN, what is our lesson about to-day?" inquired the teacher.

"I do not know, sir," said John, "I was not here last Sunday and so did not know what to study."

"Then you have lost two lessons," said the teacher, "the last one by absence, and this by not studying it."

For The Dayspring.

THE CARELESS BOY.



HERE was once a little boy, who was very reckless, heedless, careless, — what I call slapdash. Did you ever know such a boy, I wonder? He was old enough to be orderly and to be obedient. But he was in the habit of doing everything without thought, helter-skelter, harum-scarum. At table he would eat so badly, his mother would say, "Lay your bread on your plate and butter it smoothly," and so he would do it once; but then he would snatch another slice, stick lumps of butter on as he held it, and dash it into his mouth, butter side down. Then he would stretch over for a cracker and upset his milk, and make a splash all over the clean table-cloth. Oh dear! dear! His mother sends him for a basket of eggs. He swings them from side to side, from one hand to the other, till they are all cracked. He rushes into the station with the lunch neatly tied up for a journey, and in whirling about in a hurry, as usual, when there was no need to hurry, the string breaks, and the nice slices of bread-and-butter are scattered on the dirty floor. Alas! what can we do with him? Tell me, pray.

His grandmother thinks of a plan. She writes out this story, which is all too true. She reads it to him, and he says, "Oh yes, that is I! it is just like me. I'm so sorry. But being sorry and ashamed will be of no use, unless I myself try to do better; I will try, you see if I do not. I will stop and think. I will not do everything in such a hurry. I will be quiet, gentle, and orderly. Now you watch me and see; you will soon say, 'Is this our boy that used to give us so much trouble? How he has improved! We love to see these efforts at improvement. How hard he tries to please us! When his next birthday comes, we shall hardly know him for our untamed little colt. He has done it all himself; he is worthy of our praise and love.'"

GRANDMOTHER.

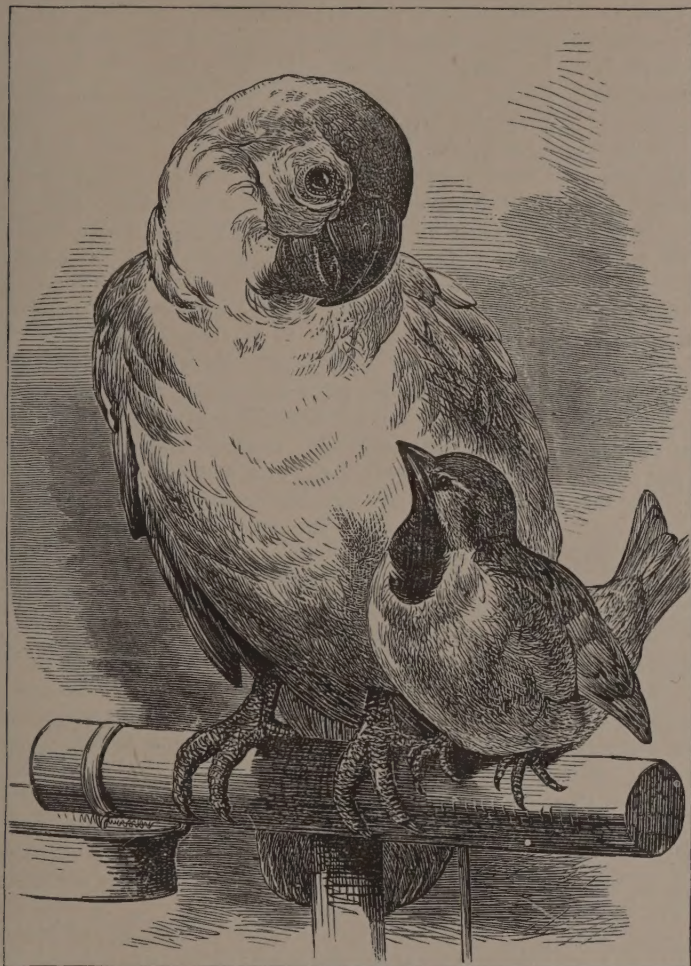
A SURE DEFENCE.

NATIONS, in times of war, are seen to build up around their noble cities exposed to the enemy, castles and batteries, stockades and forts, to secure them, if possible, against spoliation and capture. So should the young build up around themselves defences of a moral and spiritual kind; and by these and every possible means endeavor to secure their noble natures — of more worth than a thousand cities — from defilement and sin.

Among these defences, many as they are, none are more to be commended than the *formation in early life of good habits.*

SELECTED.

IDLENESS travels very slowly, and Poverty soon overtakes her.



THE PARROT AND THE SPARROW.

THERE are few things more interesting to children than parrots. They are so droll in their actions, and imitate sounds so perfectly, that all children love to watch them and listen to them. Many wonderful stories are told of these strange birds.

It is said that there was once a parrot who loved to pick chicken bones. She would sit upon the back of a chair holding on by one claw, while she grasped a chicken bone with the other; and then she would look very much as if she were playing a flute. The family cat liked chicken bones too, and whenever she saw Polly picking one, she thought she ought to have it herself. She was a sly puss, and at last thought of a way to get Polly's bone without being bitten in the attempt. She jumped up into the seat of the chair upon the back of which Polly was sitting with her bone. Then, watching her chance, kitty raised her paw and gave the bone a gentle tap. This made Polly so angry that she tried to bite kitty, and in the attempt she dropped the bone. Kitty then jumped down after

the bone and scampered off with it. But Polly was cunning as well as kitty. She watched her chance, and one day when she saw kitty lying sound asleep on the kitchen floor, with her tail straight out behind her, she climbed down from her cage, and, waddling across the room to where kitty lay, she seized her tail in her beak and bit it as hard as she could. Kitty gave a piteous mew and fled across the room, determined not to steal Polly's chicken bones again.

A wonderful story is also told of a parrot and a sparrow.

There was once a parrot that took a great fancy to a little wild sparrow. Every morning the sparrow would fly to the parrot's perch, and there it would sit almost all day beside its great friend. Sometimes the parrot would raise one of his claws, and the sparrow would perch upon it. He would hold the sparrow on one end of his claw and, turning his head on one side, gaze fondly on the little bird, which would flap its wings in answer to this sign of friendship; then the parrot would slide down to his food-tin as if to invite the sparrow to share his breakfast.

Once the parrot was ill for some days. He did not eat. He trembled all over, and looked very sad. The sparrow tried in vain to cheer him up. Then the little bird flew out into the garden, and soon returned, holding in his beak some blades of grass. The parrot with great effort managed to eat them. The

sparrow kept him supplied with grass; and in a few days he was cured.

Once when the sparrow was hopping about on the grass plot near the parrot's perch, a cat sprang out from some bushes. At the sight of this the parrot raised a loud cry, and flew to the aid of his friend. The cat ran away in terror, and the little bird was saved.

WHEN TO BEGIN.

THAT you may find success, let me tell you how to proceed. *To-day, begin your great plan of life.* You have but one life to live, and it is most important that you should not make a mistake. *To-day, begin carefully.* Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age, and then say to yourself, "At the age of forty I will be a temperate man, I will be an industrious man, a benevolent man, a well-read man, a religious man, and a useful man. I will be such a one. *I resolve, and I will stand to it.* My young friends, pray to God that this resolution may stand like the oak, which cannot be wind-shaken.

SELECTED.

For the Dayspring.

KEEPING SOLDIERS IN A LINE.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.



HERE were no stories so dear to Harley as those about soldiers, battles, and life during war. When he went to bed on the night of the day I shall tell you about, his mind was so filled with the unusual excitement he had been through that it was long before he slept, and then his dreams were not free from

the remnants of his thought.

It had been a day of examination at the small private school for boys where he attended; the final one of the term, when their standing was determined and a badge of honor given to the scholar whose record for the term was highest.

Harley felt sure he should win this. In arithmetic he was far in advance of his mates. He was a bright, quick-witted, generous boy, and figures were playthings to him. He took a genuine interest, also, in tracing out his geography lessons, and learned them with an honest thoroughness that did him credit. No scholar could read with more spirit and good sense than he, and his copy-books were neatly written and well kept. But if you looked a second time at the books in which he wrote his spelling-lessons, you would see that the column for corrected words was always full, and the marking of the pages was very low. This was his weak point. His spelling was miserable. If there was a wrong way to spell a word, he was sure to find it. He not only hated spelling, but he had a certain contempt for it, while his love for arithmetic was a sort of adoration. Perhaps we cannot find the heart to blame him very much for his disapproval of the spelling of the English language; but since he could not make it over, and it was one of the requirements of a good education, it would have been better if he had spent more time over his words and less with his arithmetic, as it was his failure there only which lost him the coveted badge.

His particular friend at school was not as quick in figures as he; but his general average on this last day had proved to be above Harley's, and this friend, Warren, had received the honorable badge. It was a great disappointment to Harley; but his generous nature helped him to be glad for his friend.

Warren was better in everything else than he was in arithmetic, and warmly admired his friend's ready mastery of the difficult examples; but he had worked faithfully at his shortcomings, turned off his other lessons as easily as he could, and then applied his energies to the strengthening of that study wherein he was most likely to fail, with, however, little thought of standing highest at the close of the term. His examples

had been worked out slowly by himself, and he could make the clearest recitation of any in the class.

Harley came home a little later than usual, and as he hung up his cap in the hall he heard some one talking with his father in the parlor, whose voice he did not recognize. It was a hearty, genial voice, and the speaker was telling very earnestly the particulars of a law case which had interested him greatly. Just then he came to the end of his story and broke out in a louder tone, so that the words came distinctly to Harley:—

"Well, sir, he was beaten! lost his case hopelessly by that one weak spot in his argument. I declare I never watched a case with more interest. He was so strong in all his points! But they picked him up at that one apparently insignificant turn, and routed him out and out, till he got confused and was glad to sit down. I could n't help thinking of the old saying, 'No chain is stronger than its weakest link.'"

Just here Harley sat down and put on his thinking-cap. The conversation went on in the parlor; but he heard no more, and started, half-frightened, when the door opened suddenly and his sister came looking for him.

After supper the gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Duxbury, an old friend of Harley's father, happened to speak of his soldiering days, and seemed to enjoy talking about them as well as Harley did listening. One story kept recalling another; hard, sorry ones, and happy or funny ones, till Harley got all mixed up in his laughing and crying,—for he was not ashamed of a tear or two if he *was* a boy, provided they were not shed for himself, and he could get rid of them directly and go right on to something else.

"You've no idea," said Mr. Duxbury, in telling of the advance of the two armies at one time when a battle was about to be fought, "how important a thing this perfect military training is. Shoulder to shoulder, firm, even tread, they feel like one mighty power working so exactly together in their force. But there is generally one man at least to a company who needs more drilling than all the rest put together to bring him to time, and then you're never sure of him. You get an idea of the importance of this exactness, if a man stumbles a trifle and loses his place ever so little. The two men next him will invariably waver, the line will be broken, and if this occurs at a critical moment it may be very serious in its results.

"It was exactly what did happen when we moved forward to this battle, and our leader knew how to use it to his own advantage. I could distinctly see the line of advancing troops, when a man in their front rank stumbled, pitched forward, regained his footing almost instantly, but not before the misstep had caused confusion in his rank, while directly our order came to fire, and we opened upon them. We always thought it was that little disorder, weakening their confidence in front and quickly spreading, which won us the victory that

day, for they were much stronger than we in number. It applies to very many different things," added Mr. Duxbury, stopping as if he had not finished, but looking into the fire and following the thought in his mind only.

"Yes," said Harley's mother, who had been listening with interest, "every one is captain of a company in the training and proper drilling of his own faculties. When he is master of these he may be promoted to a higher command, and so on to a great Generalship. But it is time for my small soldier Harley to bid you good-night. He will dream of battles the whole night, — if, indeed, he sleep at all!"

It was strange, Harley thought, as he lay in his bed, that twice since he came this gentleman had, without intention, said something which directly applied to his own unhappy failure at school. He saw plainly in his thought that it had been right for Warren to be the honored one. He had *trained* himself and kept all his faculties as evenly developed as possible; while he, Harley, had not met bravely and tried to educate his own deficiency, — had not brought into file, by extra drilling, this recreant soldier of his.

Now that the thought had fairly come to him, it found good soil in his mind, and was soon so well rooted that there came gradually a great improvement to his written spelling, the correction column growing more and more empty and his recitations quite as good as the average scholar's. Yet, always after, this was privately his recreant soldier in his studies: he must constantly keep his eye upon him lest he trip. As he grew older he did not forget it, but found, as Mr. Duxbury had said, "It applied to very many different things."

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD.



DEAR aunty," said little Katie Joy, "here is the sweetest picture you ever saw, in this book that Henry gave me, and such dear little verses too, — I wish you would make a story out of them for me and have it put in the 'Dayspring.' Will you, auntie? Look at the picture, auntie, — a little girl sitting in the grass with her arms filled with flowers, then a little bird flying in the air, and it seems, with its head down, as if it were looking at the little girl; and I should think the little girl was tired by the way she sits on the grass. Now, auntie, you *must* make a story out of it."

If I must, I must — so: —

A little girl had been running about in the fields gathering grasses and flowers. She was very tired and sat down on the grass to rest herself. Looking round she saw a little bird flying about, and she said to herself, "Oh, how I wish that little bird had such nice warm clothes to wear as I have. I am afraid he is cold."

And the little bird, flying about, looked down upon the little girl and said, "How I wish that dear little girl had some nice feathers like mine to keep her warm. I am afraid she is cold."

Now it was bright sunshiny weather, and they were neither of them cold.

Do you think that the little girl would have been more comfortable with feathers, or that the birdie could have flown about in the air if he had had clothes like the little girl?

God, who takes care of them both, provides the birdie with feathers, and gives to the little girl a good father and mother to make her nice, warm dresses.

The little birds give thanks to God by their merry songs; and I know some dear little girls, and one says, "I will give thanks to God by always minding my father and my mother;" and another little girl says, "I guess I can mind too, if I am little."

FANNY OTIS.

LITTLE DEEDS.

Nor mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy
To dry the childish tear;

A glass of water timely brought;
An offered easy-chair;
A turning of the window blind
That all may feel the air;

An early flower unasked, bestowed,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head, —

Oh! deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

Our heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And, if we only serve him here,
We'll dwell with him above.

SELECTED.

BEWARE of evil thoughts; bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and then bad deeds. Watch against them; strive against them; pray against them.

BETTER read one book carefully than to read ten carelessly. Be slow to begin to read a book if it is likely you will not have time to finish it. Be careful how you spend time in reading books which are not worth reading. You had better throw away money than time; for time is worth more than money.



HELPING MOTHER AND HAVING FUN.

THIS little girl is doing good and having fun at the same time. She is amusing the baby while her mother is upstairs at work. How much good she does in this way! She is happy, and makes her mother happy, and the baby happy.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANUALS.

THE discontinuance of the "Sunday-School Lessons," which have been published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for ten years past, and used in the majority of our Sunday-schools, compels many teachers to look about for some other aid to class instruction. Fortunately there are many good manuals from which they can choose, and others still better are promised in the near future. The Unitarian Sunday-School Society publishes more than twenty manuals, some of them excellent, and has in preparation a series of fifteen, which it is believed will be more systematic, scholarly, and complete than any yet issued.

This new series of manuals will treat of Ethics, Doctrines, the Ethnic Religions, the Origin and Growth of the Bible, the Legends and Religion of the Hebrews, the Life of Jesus, the Life of Paul, the History of Christianity, and Christian Art. A little volume of forty-eight pages, the first of five similar ones on Ethics, is already published. It treats of "Rights and Duties," and was written by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. The other four will be published at intervals of a few months. The author of Part II., on "Virtues and Vices," is not yet announced. Part III., on "The Conscience," will be written by Rev. George Batchelor; Part IV., on "Social and Public Duties," by Rev. C. F. Dole; and Part V., on "The Will and the Emotions," by Rev. E. A. Horton. A little work on the "History of the Religion of Israel," by Professor Toy, of Harvard University, will be ready the last of September.

We commend these manuals to all engaged in

Sunday-school instruction. That by Mrs. Wells is highly suggestive, and in the hands of a skilful teacher cannot fail to become interesting and profitable. That by Professor Toy is a clear and concise statement of the development of the Hebrew religion, as that development is conceived to have taken place by many biblical scholars of recent times. A class of bright pupils, willing to study, and led by a competent teacher, would find this book both instructive and attractive.

Those who have already used the "Sunday-School Lessons," and who do not find either of these two manuals adapted to their wants, are recommended to examine "Questions on the Gospel of Luke," a little manual which helps to knowledge of the life of Jesus as related by one of the four evangelists; a "Handbook of Religious Instruction," which if faithfully studied will give a very good idea of the history and religion contained in the Old and New Testaments; and "First Lessons on the Bible," by Rev. E. H. Hall, a manual which has just been published, and which seems to us as good as any which has yet appeared. It is well suited to the wants of those who have studied the "Sunday-School Lessons" for several years, for it would serve as a sort of general review of the ground they have been over.

Those who have not used the "Sunday-School Lessons" published during the last three years are invited to examine the series on "The Teachings of Jesus, chiefly on the Sermon on the Mount, and the Parables;" that on the "Life of Jesus," giving an outline of the life of Jesus according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, following the order of Mark; and that on "Selections from the Acts and the Epistles," giving a general view of the life of Paul, and directing attention to some of the most beautiful and edifying portions of the epistles. Each of these series of Lessons contains Questions, Notes, Hints, and References, and is published in a neatly bound volume at a low price. We would also call attention to "Sunday-School Lessons on Selections from the Psalms and Proverbs," a little pamphlet containing thirteen lessons on some of the most sublime and inspiring passages in the Bible. We should think that those who are waiting for two or three months for something new, or to decide wisely what to do, would not do better than to use meanwhile this short course of lessons.

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